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Lilia Hastung: Vampire Hunter



vampire

hunter

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Chapter 1 by LeEllieCC

Lilia Hastung was a relative of one of the greatest vampire lords to ever exist: Lord Kyrosh Hastung. But she was exiled from her realm into our world for "An unnameable crime".

She was born with a soul, and now she hunts the vampires hunting in our realm in revenge.

Chapter 2 by Soljun



This time she was hunting the notorious Goran Ellikov. 84 murders to date, 17 other vampire hunters, all women, and as a noticeable theme, all fairly attractive. No one could track him down, as he followed a sniper's rule and never struck from the same place twice.

This job was personal. Lilia's friend, who had gone missing months ago, had just been found in an obscure underground cavern, with scarcely a breath left in her, covered in blood. It was reported that her last words had been, "Tell Lilia to run,"

But she couldn't run from this one. The two of them had been friends since childhood, and until now they'd been living their dreams. They shared commissions, tools, and they'd even lived together for a few months. She'd only moved out when she went off with her new boy friend, who Lilia had disapproved of, only to end up dead. This was personal.

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Chapter 3 by TheVocalBlade



Lilia tracked Goran's victim to a small, dark, and yet unmistakable one-puncture hole right beneath the right ear. She was looking for a camp with a missing fang. "Cute!" she thought to herself. "I get to traverse around London shoving my gun in vamps

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mouths till I find my guy. Easy". Except it wasn't. There was an estimated 5,000 vamps in London and most of them were wealthy, well-known, and well protected.

As she stalked about side streets she thought about the ridiculous ideas of vamps people have in this realm. Pale, weak to sunlight, only killable with a wooden stake, scared of garlic, blah blah blah. It was all bullshit, a facade made by vamps to keep people from noticing them.

The differences are subtle: flawless skin that never sags or wrinkles, eyes that glow slightly in the dark (easily covered by contacts), faster-than-normal reflexes, and that tidbit of immortality. That's how she found them. Most vamps are too greedy to spend their time with mediocre status. They seek fame and fortune and that's what got them killed. All she had to do was study photographs and news articles, see the same face repeated for over 15 years, and she had her target.

Goran wasn't a typical vamp. Typical vamps live off of stored or manufactured blood. Its the 21st century, after all, and the murderous ways of old are no longer sustainable. That's why this guy has the police in a fuss. Vamps don't strike often enough to cause public attention, but Goran just had a nice spot on The Times and people were talking.

She found herself standing in front of London Police HQ, as she always did, called in by Chief Frennery.

Frennery's assistant tried her with an, "Uh, miss Lilia, he can-". Lilia lost the rest as she entered the Cheif's office.

"Hello Lilia," Jim said without looking up from his computer, "I see you're terrorizing Suzan again. You could at least humor her."

"I don't have time for her when women are dying out there, Jim. We need a plan. We need to do MORE."

"Lilia, I understand Eva was important to you, but her death gave us no more of a lead than any of the other victims."

"Bah!" she paced in his office, feeling his eyes tracing her movements, wary.

"What's the point of you then, hm? What's the point of this partnership if you give NOTHING while I do all the work?"

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He said nothing. She knew
she was helpless.

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stand needed to go and

"Lilia, we found something. It's small, but it's something."

She stopped pacing, bore into him, and waited. It felt like a lifetime as he pulled a manilla envelope from his drawer and offered it to her. Her heart raced as she slowly took it from him. This could be it, the tiny clue that brought her her prey.

Chapter 4 by RavensInkWrites



Lilia never thought a photo would be this important to her.

It was just blurry picture, but it meant so much to her.

In the photo, which she could barely make out, was a body lying on the floor and a figure hunched over it.

Lilia was lost for words at first. "How is this going to help? That could be anyone."

"Look closer."

And she did. Then she saw it.

Lilia gasped. She definitely recognized that dirty blonde hair and coral lipstick on the corpse. "Eva?" Lilia hated how small her voice sounded. "So we do have our guy."

Jim nodded. "My crew doesn't recognize him but I thought you might."

Lilia tried to take as much from the photo as she could. Strong build. Meticulous brown hair, slicked back. Blue shirt.

Then for the second time today, she gasped. Lilia thought she might know the guy.

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